

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

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\$1.00 A YEAR.



STON HAS PASSED AWAY

I have just received a letter from Mrs. Heston, informing me of Mr. Heston's death, at 2:30 p.m. on Jan. 27th. She states that he passed away peacefully and without a struggle. He was not only healthy, but his mental talents are undimmed. The 25th Mr. Heston had taken the position that no preacher should officiate. He had prepared his own funeral address, which with the reading of Thanatopsis by a friend constituted the whole of the funeral services.

He was born at Wapakoneta, Ohio, and was fifty-nine years of age.

Mr. Heston had been bed-ridden for six months, and was so greatly emaciated, that the undertaker said he had never observed a body so reduced. This was probably due to the supremacy of mind over disease—which else, kept life so long in the poor-worn out body. Well, one more bright star in the galaxy of Free-thought has disappeared from view—but to sight only. The immortal part of him still lives, and long will it be before that bright spark is extinguished.

Heston's place in American Free-thought history is secure. He filled a peculiar and important place of Free-thought—a niche in the hall of fame, not before, and hardly likely to be filled again. There has been no Free-thinker, not even Ingerson, who has left such a distinctly individual impression upon Liberalism, as Heston. There have been numbers who have closely approached Ingerson in all his various attainments, and many who have been, and are somewhat like him.

But none have approached Heston, or have been in any way like him, in his capacity of giving expression to religious inconsistency, deception and folly.

With a few scratches of his pen he would express more than many a profound lecture, and which would leave an impression which lasted much longer in the mind.

Most men are but children of a larger growth, there is no form of instruction so effective as that of the work itself—lesson—concerning the practicability and usefulness of the picture—the cartoon. Nature seemed to have endowed Heston with this peculiar talent and directed and impelled him to use it, just as he did.

His talent lay not alone in drawing, but chiefly in the creation of his subject, in fine idea of the meaning of Liberty, free-speech and free-thought. Such an artist must have a deep-seated hatred for tyranny. He must be courageous and bold. He must have a sense of humor and of the ridiculous. He must have a strong intellectual grasp of a subject or thought, in order to portray it in lines.

He must be well-informed, and above all honest, enthusiastic and sincere. If you make a close study of his comments on his sketches, and the selection of his subjects, and his reason, argument, wit and irony displayed by him at once perceive that his drawings were the smallest part of his talents.

Heston was indeed, a broad man, a popular genius. He has left behind him a name that will live, and his work will grow in value and appreciation with the years.

The great pity was, that he did not have the health and leisure to pursue the course into which his talents directed him. For long years, he had to battle with poverty and sickness. No doubt this often made him irritable and discouraged, and he suffered from great mental depression.

But he loved life, and wished to live and to do, and kept up his interest and his work, as long as he could. Think of being compelled to lay aside such talents to become a driver of a milk-wagon—which was his last occupation.

If it possible that Free-thought cannot find intellectual room and employment for such as he?

The story of Heston is one that must strike Free-thinkers with more or less remorse. I will not drag it out. He has been mistreated by some, and neglected by many. The situation has been generally well-known. His only capital, his only means of livelihood and provision for sickness, even though infelicitous to put a quietus on all that stuff.

It's all right though, in the long run. Some of these days that kind of cutting up, in the midst of the sufferings from a hard winter, and the distress that fills this country, will enough infelicitous to put a quietus on all that stuff.

"On with the dance!"

be made, a generous liberal, forgiving nature would have, at least, shared the profits of his talents, when Heston was sick, stricken and dying. But Heston had no such friends. His popularity has gone to mingle with the shadows, while his soul goes marching on. I have corresponded with him considerably, but never met him. In my opinion, his was both a strong and rare mind. He was gifted with a fine imagination, and was a poet of strength and beauty. He wrote me that he hoped to live to publish a volume of his poems; but in this, he was disappointed.

I am glad that I was the means of being some help to him, when the shadows of death began to gather dark and threatening around him. I am glad that he died leaning upon the arms of comrades, though late they came to the rescue. I am glad that he died with the thought, that there was still a lingering love and appreciation for him among his colleagues, and I am glad that who contributed to his death, did so with love. I am glad that he died, and all alike were grateful to Warren Wolf for calling our attention to Heston's illness and condition. The whole amount contributed was about \$275.00.

Not many of us will miss him personally, because few of us knew him personally. But none of us will miss him intellectually, for his influence still exists. He is still our intellectual comrade, co-worker and friend. Peace to his tired spirit, where'er it be. I would like to write a tribute to Heston, commensurate with his deserts; but I cannot now. As one by one the old warriors fall on the field of battle, I am depressed more and more. I feel a sense of loneliness and suffer a loss I cannot easily explain. It seems, that those whom I have always known, either personally or by correspondence or reputation or whose writings I have read and enjoyed, should still be with us.

Although I am just entering the prime of life, and have but a few years of the work only twelve years, still I feel that I am growing old in my labors, and with the old, rather than with the young, I take my place, and naturally, the old are closer to me. The bond of sympathy is closer, perhaps, because I know what such sacrifices have been, and they know what mine have been. These young have not yet learned. But, may we all, like Heston, when we come to die, calmly wrap the draperies of our couch about us, and lie down to peaceful dreams.

We extend our sympathies to Mrs. Heston. She has been a most loving, faithful, patient wife, and her loss is our own. If any friends wish to write to her, address is, Mrs. Lotte Heston, Pollard Block, Carthage, Missouri. J. B. W.

WOODCOCK

Theological Bird of Long Bill, is on The Religious Men in Louisville

Woodcock, the Episcopal Bishop, who succeeds to Dudley's baton, in Kentucky—Dudley was the man who paid \$7,000 apiece for his dinner plates—is cutting large ice and shines in Louisville.

Nothing short of Jo Tabor, X at home, can lay it over Woodcock, in Louisville.

A sample of the nauseating rot that the C. J. gets off its stomach about Woodcock is as follows:

"All the paroxysms and the large hails on the seacoast of the Gulf of Mexico together, were never more profusely decorated in similes and with puns. The general paroxysm, which was the reception room proper, was beautifully decorated with American Beauty roses. With the great throng of women, in beautiful gowns, the scene was brilliant. It was not a female reception, however, for the men of the church were there in equal numbers. An orchestra furnished music and punch was served."

A liquor guzzling gang like that gets together and, naturally there follow the continual accounts of devilry between these big sky-busters, and the pretty women of their flocks.

It's all right though, in the long run. Some of these days that kind of cutting up, in the midst of the sufferings from a hard winter, and the distress that fills this country, will enough infelicitous to put a quietus on all that stuff.

"On with the dance!"

MINISTER

DIES IN A LODGING HOUSE

Mistry in Fate of C. E. Bentley, Who Once Ran for President.

Police Search for Stylish Black-Veiled Woman Who Was in His Company.

(From Chicago Chronicle),

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 5.—The death of Rev. C. E. Bentley of Lincoln, Neb., in a lodging house at 1225 South Los Angeles street, last night, puzzles the police. He was the candidate of the liberal party for the presidency of 1896 and was three times the candidate for United States senator from Nebraska. He was 64 years old.

Rev. Mr. Bentley, according to a story told by Mrs. Douglas, proprietress of the lodging-house, which is located in the section known as the east side lodging-house district, applied for a room about 8 o'clock Saturday night. He was accompanied by a stylish dressed woman who wore a black veil. The landlady showed them to a room and while she was turning on the light, Bentley dropped to the floor.

Woman Disappears.

The woman who accompanied him to the house left suddenly. Mrs. Douglas then went to seek assistance, but, retracing a few moments later, found a young man named Haines, a lodger, holding Bentley's head. He left, saying he was going to a doctor, but has not been seen since. Mrs. Douglas finally summoned the police, but Bentley was dead.

WOMEN STRIKERS FOR THE SKY PILOT.

The other day the niceest young man without a single exception, in all of Los Angeles' precinct—College bread and butter of good literature—handed me one of these "finicky" looking woman envelopes addressed to him in the hand writing of a woman.

The young man is an athletic, but the letter seemed to have made him feel sick at the stomach—nauseated.

It had a printed card in it, setting forth that Rev. George A. Hilton, Evangelist, and some other fellow as "musical director," were going to hold forth, at the Second Presbyterian church in Lexington, on Sunday.

On the back of the card was written, in woman's hand, "Please come to Lexington Opera House, Sunday 22, to hear Mr. Hilton tell us to 'get over you'." There were in the envelope the other cards on each side of which was printed in big letters, so as to attract attention, when scattered around on the streets, "Get right with God."

In the envelope was a little tract, the name of which was "Is it Sprinkled; or When I see the Blood, I will pass over you?"

A sample of the literature in the book is as follows:

"Do you believe judgment is coming? Do you believe water past, but do you have the last, worst water is coming? Oh, yes, I believe it, and I have done as Moses commanded—the lamb is slain, the blood is shed. Is the blood in the basin? Yes, Is it on the line and side-posit? No, not yet. Oh, the blood is in the basin still? And why not on the line and side-posit? I do not know how to put it there. But are you safe from the destroyer? I am not sure; I hope so."

Nobody but some one crazy or drunk on religion or whiskey would ever imagine there was any sense in that rot, and so a state lunatic asylum in Lexington, and one or more private lunatic asylums, and churches, and distilleries and saloons, all do a rushing business all the time—especially "rushing the grower," and, in the churches they have all the time that "rushing, mighty wind" that you read about in the second chapter of Acts, on the day of Pentecost, and that is now called wind jamming.

A part of that tract that has been underscored, with ink and pen, by the sender, as being specially beautiful, is as follows:

"They simply obeyed the word of God; they put it on the outside of their houses in faith, and they remain-

ed inside in peace, secure under its shelter. And if God has told you that on the cross His blessed Son died to put away your sins, what have you to do? Simply to repose on the truth which God has told you. God bids us shelter ourselves beneath that blood that purifies blood which has been shed. (Heb. 9: 12.)"

Think about "obedience" yourself, out of a nice spring sheep, for instance, under a lot of blood.

There is not a butcher in Fayette county that would use such a metaphor as that.

All of 'em rot winds up with writing, in a woman's hand, that says, "For — with loving prayers." For illiterate ignorant fools, of either sex, that kind of stuff may do, but it does intelligent and honest people. What kind of preaching is it they are doing in Lexington, that is only fit for "men only," like some of the lectures that are being delivered by some of those traveling fake doctors, and is it the elegant thing for a lady, probably of the young maiden persuasion, to be sending to a nice young bachelor notices of something only proper for "men only."

AN ANNUAL FREETHOUGHT MESSAGE.

Now, to me "this sounds good," and a Thanksgiving proclamation, and Mrs. Henry's will be better than Mr. Roosevelt's, because she will have all of the "grace and good" of the season, and we, to thank for the many blessings we enjoy, while he has only "God, Jesus and the Virgin Mary" and may be the ghost of God. And then our president can just naturally beat the U. S. president telling things.

I think the Doctor's idea is a splendid one, and I am sure it will be adopted. So here is something for each of us to do—let every member of the A. F. A. save their pennies. The only a little thing, but it will pay for publishing of the tracts, and we won't have to go into our treasury. Then we will try to have our annual Message and Thanksgiving proclamation published in all of the Free-thought papers and as many of the secular ones as possible, and besides this each one of us can contribute two three hundred tracts, with any money. And each of can get one new member. Now all of this is only little thing, but if we will do it 300 will tell a new story, and the A. F. A. will take her place as an organization of workers.

Let us begin at once, and about two weeks before Thanksgiving day get your pennies changed into the most convenient form and send them in. When you count them you will find that you have saved from 100 to 300 and never missed them. I am going to get at least one new member, and I want every member to do as much. Yours for the success of the Peony Club. (MISS) L. M. GIBSON.

CRUTCHFIELD MARRIES AGAIN IN SHORT ORDER

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 10.—John N. Crutchfield, the St. Louis banker, who got a divorce on Friday because his wife had played cards while he went to church, was married Wednesday to Miss Kimball, the pretty daughter of a banker at Mt. Vernon, Ind. She is thirty years his junior.

Crutchfield is a Campbellite and was a religious teacher when he lived in Lexington.

The New Testament tells, plainly, what the only one cause is for which persons may get divorces, but it ain't for playing cards, though the Campbellites' special graft is that they don't say anything that you can't find authority for in the New Testament.

It does not say that J. C. never indulged in a quiet little game of "sewing up" with some of his old boys, sitting on a rail, as they went, some Sunday morning, out to Bethany to get a good Sunday dinner at Lazarus' house.

"TO-MORROW."

I have received a copy of the first issue of "To-Morrow," that calls itself "A monthly hand-book of changing order."

It is edited at 1926 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, by Oscar Lovell Triggs, his picture, on the back, showing him to

be a bright looking and handsome young man.

It is \$1.00 a year and 10 cents for a single copy.

It proposes to discuss a variety of things but I think will probably be largely devoted to Socialism and religion.

It claims among its contributors Clarence Darrow, W. J. Bryan and Booker T. Washington.

The Blade wishes it much joy and hopes to be on the X list.

ANOTHER CHRISTIAN DEVIL

Has Climbed the Golden Stairs at the End of a Rope.

Crimes among Christians are getting greater and more frequent all the time, until it's getting to be dangerous to let any man of distinguished piety run at large in any community.

This is exactly what might be reasonably expected. It is not natural, or reasonable, for people to be religious, and, when they are, you can just bet that they have some rascally scheme on hand.

The last and the most remarkable criminal is J. Samuel McCue. He had, for two terms, been Mayor of Charlottesville, Va., the town which has the University of Virginia in it, and where you would naturally suppose education had civilized the people.

McCue went to church with his wife, on Sunday night, September 14. In about fifteen minutes after they got home, McCue killed his wife by beating her awfully with a club and then shooting her, and putting her in a bath tub and turning scalding water on her.

He then shot himself slightly in the arm and reported that burglars had done it all.

The evidence against him was such that he confessed.

He had been a lawyer for 30 years.

A part of the account about his hanging is as follows:

"The very last of the confessions was discredited. After the execution one of McCue's spiritual advisers said: 'Mr. McCue left this world with a feeling of bitterness toward no human being in it. His heart was wonderfully softened. He was earnest and tender. This morning in our presence he offered to God a fervent prayer for his family; for his brothers and their wives; for his sister; for his uncles and aunts and lastly and most fervently for all of his children. He called them each by name. He invoked the blessing of Almighty God upon them all."

It's the same old story I am telling all the time. You may sometimes find a Christian that is good, but if you want a villain always pick a Christian.

Searcy, Ark., Feb. 7.—Rev. R. G. Lightle, one of the defendants in the sensational insurance swindle charges pending here since last July, died to day of pneumonia. Last May the body of Edward Pitts was taken from a grave and passed as that of Dr. Lightle and insurance collected to the amount of \$21,000 on the latter's life.

When charges of fraud were made Dr. Lightle reappeared. He was convicted of a charge of violating the grave and fined \$1,000 and sentenced to six months in jail. An appeal to the Circuit Court was pending.

This issue of the Blade is dated so as to answer for two weeks—the one we missed on account of the burning out of our motor—and is mailed on Thursday so as to reach all subscribers in time for Sabbath reading. After this the paper will be mailed to every one Thursday afternoon, and if you fail to get your Blade for Sunday reading notify us and we will look into the matter.

NEW ORLEANS AND MOBILE

March 10 to 19th

Tickets are sold via the Queen and Crescent Route to the various points at the rate of one-fare plus 25 cents for the round trip. Tickets on sale March the 1st to 6th inclusive. Final limit March the 11th. This limit will be extended to March the 25th if ticket is deposited with the Joint Agent at New Orleans or Mobile and on payment of 50 cents on or before March the 11th, 1905. Stopovers at all winter tourist points. For information see nearest ticket agent, or write E. N. Aiken, T. P. A., Lexington, Ky.

THE SUN SAYS.

"Have you seen the Blue Grass Blade?"

Angelical Utterances From the City of Angels.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 1, to Editor Blaide.—There are lots of them here of both sexes, all shades of color and character and various phases of belief; some have had a bad fall and are recovering and some never will, although the Almighty is working overtime just now "in our midst."

We are having a divine circus, alias, a "Grand Union Revival," not a three ring, but yea, a seven ring, under the direction of the Christian God, added and abetted, stirred up and turned over, advertised and heralded in song and stories by the three high priced clowns, Bob Burdette, the Infidel smasher; Frank DeWitt Talmage, the theological Magaphone and the eloquent Robert McNally, who received fractured in intentness by our humanists religion and evolution. Rev. J. S. Chapman is ringmaster of this trio of pride birds and the crowing of the roost, the cackling of the hens, the weeping of the widows, the confessions of the criminals, the walls of the lost souls and the lies of the children and imbeciles told for the glory of God, and enough to bring tears to the statue of Stephen M. White.

But God is getting them with both feet: the "profits" of the House of Israel, report a conversion running as high as one thousand a day, which is probably as true as gospel, but no more so. If God continues his wonders to perform, in seventeen days, more the whole of Los Angeles country will be floundering on their prayer bones at the feet of those charity fed chicken gourmandizers, shouting, Glory! Glory!!!

Since this holy show has started, it seems that the Devil has also been quietly at work, no brass bands, no holy alliances, no donation funds, no ladies aids, but alone He is getting them there and as usual. He is in the front of the show, leading the crowd, leading the Lord thy God by the length.

Our hundred saloons with their innumerable amusements or drug stores, restaurants, hotels and herbs of other sightless porters are doing a thriving business. We have the sport race track in America, with its repertoire of roulette, pimms and tin horns. "Massage parlors" are as thick as bat houses in ancient Rome. Our police force has been increased 25 per cent. Hardly a night passes without a holdup or a murder, and day and night burglaries are too numerous to notice.

Prof. Hatfield is up in the mountains producing rain for the valley on scientific principles and according to schedule. Capt. Baldwin sails his airship every pleasant Sabbath over the various haldehuh camp, cuts figure eight, pigeon wings and other artistic dodos for the edification of the curious and the expectation of the enlightened. His services are in demand, his great bay trees or a field of aspilates in damp land. Freethinkers, Spiritualists, and Socialists are so numerous that it is difficult to secure halls for any other purpose. Tom Paine's birthday was celebrated by two organizations, and both halls were inadequate to hold the crowds. Roosevelt, God and the Christian clergy came in for a full share of merited disrespect for their ignoble work in traducing the character of their benefactor. The Dresden edition of Ingoldsby's works have been placed in the circulating department of the public library.

Summing up the situation it is difficult to see just where we are "at." The superstitious and weak minded are being highly entertained at their own expense. God's chosen jumping-jack are occupying the center of the stage, living on the fat of the land and putting away money for a rainy day. Those that pay the bills seem to be satisfied with the investment. Some of the "respectable" gurus ascend or subside when their prayers are answered, but the tithmons are always on hand and never say anything rash. A public expose of Spiritualism occurs about once a month and the next week, the hall won't hold the faithful, who come to hear the "explanation." Freethought meetings are better attended than ever before and subscribers to Freethought papers are harder to get. Whether we go to praise God, or blame the Devil, I'll have to fess up. In the meantime the sun rises every day over the San Bernardino mountains, with a smile on his face and says, "Good morning, have you read the Blue Grass Blade?" —WALTER COLLINS.

(From Lexington Leader)
AUNT CARRIE.

And Rev. Mr. Zachary Separate and Each Will go It Alone.

Word was received Thursday by his

publishers in this city that Evangelist Wm. Zachary, manager and financial agent of Mrs. Carrie Nation, has dissolved partnership with the illustrious female saloon smasher and from now on each will go it alone. The letter received from Mr. Zachary was dated at Chickasaw, Indian Territory, and stated that the last place they appeared together.

Mr. Zachary left Lexington several weeks ago to join Mrs. Nation in a lecture tour of the West. They appeared in a number of the leading cities of Texas and Oklahoma, and seemed to be making a tremendous "hit," judging from newspapers. What caused the "split" between them is not known here, and friends of the evangelist were somewhat surprised to hear that the unique combination had "busted" up.

Evangelist Zachary will continue his campaign in the West and it is presumed that Mrs. Nation will seek other worlds to conquer.

EX NIHILO NIHIL FIT.
Gainesville, Fla.,
To C. C. Moore.

Dear Sir—If you think the following is worth printing kindly correct and punctuate, and do so.—P. M. OLIVER.

Did God a-wain in darkness,
Six thousand years ago,
And look around on nothing
To see what he could do?

He never had beginning
Nor birth like you and me,
But always has existed
From all eternity?

Now what had he been doing
Throughout those countless years;
No priest has ever told us,
It in no book appears.

Perhaps he had been sleeping,
With nothing for a bed,
And nothing for a pillow
And nothing in his head.

Nothing for companion
Through all that dreary night,
And only boundless nothing
On which to feast his sight.

And when he rose for action,
Like one around from sleep,
And with only six day's labor
(The tale is rather steep).

Took just a pinch of nothing,
Made this glorious earth,
And another pinch of nothing
And the planets had their birth.

Another lump of nothing
Produced the mighty sun,
And so he worked at nothing
Till stars and all were done.

Spring Hill, Texas, Jan. 12, 1905
Dear Mr. Moore.

Please find within a small amount
that will at least even us up.

Would be willing to make some sooner.

All signs indicated to me that the

baby would be a boy and I intended to

name him Charlie Moore.

But, dang my cats, moon, stars and

all signs failed me, and the baby is a

girl, fine one too.

I do not know much about naming

girls and the duty devolved upon my

wife.

So this evening she brought out the

old family record, and pointing to the

last name thereon, said: "This is our

baby's name and this is what she had

written, Lucy Alma Henry. I believe

my wife had caught her in the Blaide

I haven't caught her at it, but she is

very much improved—so much so that

she thinks kindly of my books and

papers, and Liberal friends.

Any way the next baby is Charlie,

boy or girl—J. E. HERRIN.

Raw material considered,
With nothing, or mistake,
It was the very best of jobs
That any God could make.

THINKS IT OUGHT
TO CONVERT ME.

Emmanuel Ky., Feb. 6, 05.

Charles C. Moore.

Dear sir—Enclosed find clipping

from Washington Post.

I should think, after that you could
not doubt the divinity of that book.
I think your Blaide is better than

"Dope Fennel" is as good a work as

I ever read. Can you tell me where

I can get Haeckel's Riddle of the Uni-

verse?" —EMMET JOYNER.

The clipping is as follows:

The Book Saved His Life.

"Moved by excitement," began Gen-

eral Joe Wheeler in relating one of

his stories, "a young man determined

to enlist. He accepted a Bible from

his mother and as he placed it in his

inside pocket promised to read the

book every day."

"During one of the important bat-

ties this man's entire company was

annihilated, but he escaped.

"Same old story," interjected a veter-

an—"bullet hit the Blaide."

"No," continued the doughty little

general, "the book saved his life, but

not in the common and accepted way.

The soldier was found seated behind

a tree, keeping his promise to his

mother." —Washington Post.

The Blaide has saved my life, I suppose,

during the war, as many of my neigh-

bors—all "Johnnies"—were killed. I

staid at home and read it. Peter

Eckler & Son, Publishers, New York

City, will send you Haeckel.

ANOTHER BIG SKY-BUSTER
KICKING OUT OF THE TRACES

Cincinnati, Feb. 7, 05

Mr. Charles C. Moore.

Enclosed find clipping of great in-

terest, from Cincinnati Enquirer, Har-

ter's Magazine, for February has a

fine article about Haeckel and his

picture.

I am, and for years have been, a

subscriber to the Blaide.—S. C. Reiley.

The clipping is as follows:

TRUE HISTORY.

is Not Contained in the Bible, De-

clares President Schurman.

Ithaca, N. Y., Feb. 5.—Addressing

the students of Cornell, today, presi-

dent Schurman said in part:

"The Christ of the twentieth cen-

tury differs from the Christ of the

nineteenth and preceding centuries.

No longer will educated men go to the

Bible as a text book of physical

science. It seems strange that men

should ever have regarded the Bible

as such, but they did a generation ago.

Now an educated man who would

quote the Bible as an authority on

any physical subject would be an ob-

ject of ridicule in the eyes of all ed-

ucated men.

I do not believe there is

any true history in the Bible, simply

because the Hebrews never wrote

history. I do not attempt to explain

the miracles of Jesus Christ, but even

to-day we have our Christian Science

and Faith cures."

Secure man, the reason you don't

tell about the miracles of Jesus, is

that you know they were fakes, and

you would lose your job if you did.

WAS GOING TO NAME
THE BABY CHARLEY.

But it was a girl, and they named it

Lucy Alma Henry, for my

Wilson's Wife and Mrs. Hester.

GET YOUR SPOONS LADIES!

Spring Hill, Texas, Jan. 12, 1905

Dear Mr. Moore.

Please find within a small amount

that will at least even us up.

Would be willing to make some sooner.

All signs indicated to me that the

baby would be a boy and I intended to

name him Charlie Moore.

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ATHEIST

Fell Dead When the Indiana Preacher Remarked That he Could Not be Saved.

Winamac, Ind., January 16.—The sudden death last night of Richard Bossey during church services in the Widers Station Chapel has caused a commotion among saints and sinners alike.

Bossey had long been known as an atheist, and was alleged to have sold on various occasions that he had no use for churches. However, last night he entered the church to seek shelter from the midwinter storm.

Son after another, Rev. James McCarty made an earnest plea for God's mercies, and during the course of his talk said: "There is one who loves in this congregation, a sinner who cannot be saved from death or unless he becomes a Christian."

The prophecy of the preacher was soon fulfilled, when Bossey, with an anguished cry of "Oh!" fell back in his seat a corpse.

That a lot of fool Christians have would want to get off a like life is not surprising, and is no worse than might naturally be expected of them, but why a newspaper of any claim to decency would print a piece of rot of that kind can only be accounted for on the ground that the Enquirer is run by a Catholic and, in the religion, the Catholic is, if possible, even a bigger liar than the Protestant.

Any man of any common sense knows that he is a lie, and yet the ranks of Christians, Catholics and Protestants, who think that to be a lie with passes the Cincinnati Enquirer because it will tell a lie that is to boost Christianity, and without such lying as that the Christian religion could not stand one week.

Even if it had been true it would prove nothing except a coincidence, or, more probable that some man has been killed by the excitement caused by the insult offered him by a fool preacher, who deserved to be kicked out of the house.

Lies of that kind are continually being printed by Christian newspapers, and I am continually exposing them by challenging anybody to send me any proof of them, and I never get any such proof, and nearly always get evidence that it is a lie, and I make my usual challenge now, and call on any body who may read this to get me information on that subject and I will print it in the Blade.

Common sense would teach that no Atheist would be frightened at any thing of that kind that a preacher might say.

If it had been true it would he a matter of sufficient interest to deserve a full account than that, or perhaps the report of a coroner's inquest.

Certainly something ought to have been told about Bossey's family, and standing and fortune, and something about what was done with the dead body of the man.

I have been a newspaper reporter and I certainly would have made a more readable story than that out of as good a theme as that.

If that is a fair sample of the Enquirer's reporters that paper could afford to pay me \$10,000 a year to come to Cincinnati and run its editorial department. It is had and immoral for anybody to tell a lie, and do anything but a man is a common fool who tells a lie that only half-dozen fools will believe while every body who sees it is disgusted by it.

"STUFFED CLUB" HAS A BIGGER LIAR THAN MUNCHAUSEN OR REV. WILKINSON.

In the "Stuffed Club," page 225, 08-04, in a letter from J. H. Mead, Wichita, Kansas, to the "Club" appears the following remark:

"I, and one of my killed, skinned and took the tails out of 22 buffaloes, myself, using a muzzle loading rifle, and butcher knife, as my only tools, and walked five miles coming and going from camp." Dr. Tilden, editor of the "Club," accepts this story in its entirety and without any discount, and then Dr. Tilden, himself, volunteers to tell another one for Mead.

Tilden describes an intense cold and snow on the plains and partly of thirteen hunters, who were camped out and were about to starve to death because after having exhausted themselves in trying to find game, the game then having become scarce, they could not find any game in the whole country.

Tilden says that Mr. Mead came up on the camp using this language.

"All the country was shut up to know, and the weather too cold for hunters to be out and camped out to be. Our daunted hunt struck out the next morning on a trackless snow covered country, and was gone about two hours when he rode by the camp of these thirteen hungry hunters, on his way to his own camp and tossed them thirteen buffalo tongues. He said he killed thirteen not, because he

wanted to, but to prove there was game in Kansas, for a man who knew how to hunt. Some of these men went to the "Meat Camp" during the day and asked if they could have some of the buffalo he had killed that morning, and of course were given all they desired."

When Mead did these things he said he was 65 years old and had a splendid baby 19 months old.

I gave Tilden the benefit of the blade that all was worth six advertising space he had had, but I did not read these two stories then and I want it distinctly understood that I do not endorse any such lies as they are."

Tilden is an infidel and if any preacher had got off any such rot as that all of us infidels would have jumped on him with both feet.

A funny part about these two lies is that while Tilden is almost fanatically opposed to coffee drinking, old Mead, wrote this letter to Tilden telling him that his habit, through life, had been to eat three strong meals of greasy food, every day, and drink a quart of strong coffee with each meal, and that some times, when hunting, he had gotten out of coffee, and he would eat a quart of coffee grounds each meal. So that, according to Tilden, if Mead had lived like Tilden advised, Mead would never have killed and skinned and got the tallow out of less than 150 buffaloes a day, and would have lived 10 years longer than Methuselah.

I hate to see a man start out to tell a lie and make a mamma of it. Anybody knows that with 13 at the table, and 22 more to be had, was bound to die at the devil before they got done eating and yet no mention is made of the one that died.

Baron Munchausen would not have left that story in such an awkward shape as Tilden did.

Instead of killing 13 buffaloes, the Baron would have made it 14 so as to have even numbers to lie by their tails to his saddle, behind him, and bring them home to the people who needed them, and not compel the people to go out in the blizzard to get them and not leave them there, out for wolves and coyotes to eat, to say nothing of cruelty to animals and unnecessary waste of provision in a scarce time. If old Mead had been a Christian, I would not curse so much about it, but Mead is a very good man and such a man damages the cause of Infidelity. We read in the Bible about Samson's exploits as a fox hunter without a pack of hounds, and all of us infidels say, with some hesitation, that he was a saint for every sin he committed, yet I saw with my own eyes, in Palestine, where one foxes his holes" and that it's a splendid place for them when the goose crop is good and I saw Samson's tomb with my own eyes through the same自动s that you see on my nose up in the Northwest corner of this paper, and that tomb was built there, and is in perfect repair to this day, to back up the story about Samson as a fox hunter, and Tilden can't show even one rock piled on another, to back up his stories about old Mead, and as between Samson as a fox hunter and Mead and Tilden as buffalo hunters, I will take Samson in mimic dry day and Sunday too.

When McCarver, a Campbellite preacher, in his book "Jonah and the whale," tells us something like that, call it a lie, and when Zachary and Clark Braden and Wilkinson, three more Campbellite preachers, tell us something like that, the human beings who tell about Samson says he is a saint before he knows what it is, because it is the experience of all people, who know anything about those three men that they could not tell the truth if they wanted to, and they would rather tell a lie for nothing and board themselves, than to tell the truth for pay.

But when theological cats of their stripe, tell lies it helps Infidelity and when Infidels like Tilden and Mead tell lies it hurts Infidelity and, therefore, I love to see preachers lying and hate to see Infidels lying and I am not going to have it.

The best thing that Tilden and Mead can do is to write letters to the Blade and say they told great big lies—the more they kick, the deeper into it they will get.

Now walk up to the trough, Doctor, an snake some of your medicine.

"DOG FENNEL"

He says he would not take \$5.00 for the first 100 pages of it.

North Birmingham, Ala., Jan. 11, 1905.

Mr. Moore.

Dear friend—I have just received "Dog Fennel," and read over one hundred pages, up to the present and would not take five dollars for it, if I could not get another one. I enclose clipping, that you may see that this part of the country is infested with "root hitters."—JOHN M. CARLTON.

wanted to, but to prove there was game in Kansas, for a man who knew how to hunt. Some of these men went to the "Meat Camp" during the day and asked if they could have some of the buffalo he had killed that morning, and of course were given all they desired."

VARIOUS THINGS

ABOUT THE BLADE.
"Mrs. Alma K. Wilson is Worth Saving and Will be a Star in Your Crown."

Editor Moore—I am glad that you and Mr. Hughes have decided that the blade is a magazine to be cast before those who do not appreciate it enough to reach into their jeans and yank out the dollar.

You cannot afford to give away the paper, and pay postage on it.

The only business manner in which a paper can be run is to stop the paper at the expiration of the time it is paid for Make no exception. If any one is interested in the paper he or she will miss its appearance, and do the thing that will make it come again. All subscribers should be uniform at \$1.00. When you make a return you do injustice to those who pay the full amount. If you can keep 3000 subscribers at \$1.00 each, you can keep afloat.

The higher the value you put on the blade, the higher the receiver will appraise it. I notice that a number of people are writing to the free-thought papers, and advising them to cut out all matter that does not treat religions and their superstitions with respect.

Next thing they will want to do is to get off the hate and flap on our knees every time a Christian opens his head. Some of them object to slang. Some kick against swear words. I suspect that they want us to run our papers upon the silly plan of the religious papers.

Most of the Infidels that I know are only brave fellows who do not give a tinker's dam for religion, and do not hesitate to say so.

I wrote an article a short while ago on an Infidel paper, and in it, I paid my best respects to the Pope.

The article was returned to me, with an admonition to speak respectfully of the Catholic religion and not to ridicule St. Peter's successor, as that only made the Catholics angry, and put them down upon us.

I was told that we must use nice arguments and not shoot them. I suppose we must say to them "Mr. and Mrs. Catholic, I admire your religion very much. It is a very good thing to have, but, for Christ's sake, cut it out."

I guess that would fetch them from Jesus mighty quick.

I attend the Free Discussion Society, of Baltimore, almost every Sunday afternoon, and the speakers there talk right out and say what they think. The religious rip up the Infidels, and the Infidels give them hell on the half-shell. We destroy more religious foundation there than any place in the United States.

Many a one who comes to scoff at the Athletes remains to prey with the band.

This society is 50 years old and I suspect that it has made a thousand Infidels of militant Christians in its time. I was talking to an ex-Catholic, there, a few weeks ago, and I never heard a man who could make me so sorry, and yet Catholics seem to be more worried than I am about him.

He had some silly Christian to deal with. Once in a while an ex-Catholic will drop in and get up and make an impassioned appeal to us to come to Christ and give our hearts to God, and will then pick up his hat and rub out before any one can get a crack at him. One Sunday a fellow was telling us about how God answered his prayers, and snatched back his wife and children from the brink of the grave, after the doctor had given them up. When he sat down up popped a man and declared that his wife had died after the Christians had prayed over her two weeks, and he stormed at the Christians and declared that they had lied to him and told him that he let the medical men alone and he depended upon prayers his wife would be restored to health. He was almost like a wild man. We had the hottest discussion upon the efficacy of prayer and the puerility of religious statements that you ever heard. It was given to take for three hours.

The attendants at the F. D. R. Club, about 5-10 Infidels.

I am surprised at the number of freethinkers I come across these days. We have to be very meeting.

If we could only place these papers in the hands of all the independent thinkers of the country we could have hundreds of thousands of subscribers.

I find that three fourths of the Socialists are Liberals. I have been an Athiest for 25 years but never heard a copy of a freethought paper until Mr. Webster Groh of Hagerstown, Maryland, sent me some "Truth Seekers" and "Blades" about four years ago. I was delighted. I had paid my respects to the Christians, in an article in the Sun of Baltimore, and Mr. Groh saw my name attached thereto and sent me the papers.

My father was an Athiest although his father was a Methodist preacher. His father died without even having seen a copy of an infidel publication except Voltaire's works. We must get the papers among the people. I have never met with anyone who has heard Colonel Ingersoll lecture that is not a liberal to some degree.

Ingersoll has plowed the field thoroughly and it only needs harrowing to bring it in fertile condition. His last lecture in Indianapolis was in 1896 on the "Foundation of Faith." I went to the Lecman and sat down and turned to look around the house and my neighbor to my left hand exclaimed "Hello, John, I am glad to see you here."

"I was surprised. It was a cousin of mine—e Charles Frazer—the last person I ever expected to meet at "Bob" Ingersoll's lecture. I was so taken back that I said "What the hell are you doing here?" He told me he had read Ingersoll's lecture on "Skulls" and that he had studied his Methodism before he finished it.

He told me that he had traveled miles to hear Ingersoll in several of his lectures. I had not seen Charley for about seven years, and I had known him as a bigoted Methodist, of the shouting brand. He had never been to school in his life and was in his twenty-first year, when he learned how to read. But he had converted him to fair and, was studying medicine the last I heard of him.

He had worked at ship caulking from the time he was eleven years old. He is now fifty. Try to pull Mrs. Alma K. Wilson out of the mine of superstition. She is worth saving and will be a feature in your cap—I mean a star in your crown—JOHN T. CLARKE.

DEATH OF AN INFIDEL.

Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 2, 05.
Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear sir and Brother—I am sending you, today, a recent clipping from the Atlanta Constitution. You can read between the lines and discover, before conclusion, that the denise is all right.

You will note in that article, that the public makes effort to state that he was not one among us, when he was impeached, and the report evidently impeaches the report in as much as our dear brother, before his death, expressed publicly, sentiments which go to prove that they tried, after his death, to make things different from what he really believed, but had no access to reach the people best acquainted with his case.—H. A. STROUPE.

The account is as follows:

ODD CHARACTER GOES TO BEYOND.

M. J. Mabre, Pioneer Citizen, yields to Death, Aged 79.

The Deceased Led the Life of a Hermit, and Many Strange Things Are Told of Him—No Services Permitted at His Funeral.

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